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The Note Book.



M. BARTHOLDI is getting on so well with his colossal statue of Liberty that in the course of another year it may stand at the entrance of New York harbor, with great rays of electric light streaming down from the aureole round its head. The work indeed is so advanced that a few weeks ago the sculptor gave a breakfast

to a party of friends in one of the thighs. The height of the Colossus of Rhodes—one of the Seven Wonders of the World—was 105 feet; this is exceeded by the S. Carlo Borromeo on the Lago Maggiore, which is 110 feet. But Bartholdi's American Colossus—or must I say Colossa?—will reach the extraordinary height of 42 metres, or about 140 feet. Look at the hand and arm in Madison Square! The fingers are nearly as large as ordinary statues. The statue is composed of plates of copper joined together, which is far less costly than the founding of the ancients. The process is as follows: the model being mathematically divided into several parts, and being 1-16th the size of the original, each subdivision is reproduced 16 times larger than the model. From these wooden copies are made, and upon these the copper is beaten until it adheres to the wood; then they are riveted together in such a way that the joints are imperceptible from the outside. The total weight, estimated at 165 to 175 tons, is to be sustained by an inward scaffolding, of which the principal part consists of four masts 105 feet high.

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By the way, is it not about time that something was done on this side of the Atlantic toward providing funds for the pedestal for the Bartholdi statue? Mr. Vanderbilt has given us the Obelisk. Perhaps Mr. Gould will give us the pedestal?

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M. FELIX PHILIPPOTEAUX's panorama of Montretout, representing an episode in the siege of Paris, now exhibiting in this city, is an immense painting of more than 2000 square yards. It naturally calls to mind the "Paris by Night" shown in the Coliseum building a few years ago. Considering the number of living objects represented in the present panorama and the large scale on which many of them are drawn, it is not strange that the optical illusion produced should be less marvellous than in the former work. But the illusion is still wonderful. In drawing, painting, and grouping, M. Philippoteaux shows the power of a master. The incident chosen is the desperate sortie of January 19, 1871—in which the gallant young Regnault met his death—as seen from the terrace of a house in Montretout. The spectator looks down upon the bleak wintry landscape, the pictorial representation—executed on the inside of the hollow cylinder which forms the walls of the Exhibition building—surrounding him as would the natural scenery. In the immediate foreground are the gates of the garden and various out-houses, solidly built up, mounds of real earth and occasional trees, some showing a few withered leaves fluttering in the wind. Much discretion has been shown, however, in the delicate matter of combining the real objects with the pictorial part of the spectacle, and there is no such bad taste as the introduction of dummy corpses of men and horses, such as obtruded itself in the French panorama of Balaklava, in London.

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THE best panoramas having been painted by Frenchmen, and usually operated by them, it is not strange that the general impression should be that they are a French invention. But this is not so. The panorama was first introduced in London, in Leicester Square, toward the close of the last century, by Robert Barker, an Englishman. The invention is based on the well-known principle that a picture placed in light and viewed through a medium of shadow acquires more

than ordinary optical illusiveness. A serious difficulty in the execution of a panorama painting is the application of the rules of perspective where the point of sight is indeterminate and would in nature move with the spectator. This is largely overcome by making all the visual rays meet in the centre of the circle.

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THE lighting of a panorama is also a matter requiring much skill. It is done from a skylight, but it is necessary to cover the space immediately above the platform on which the spectator stands, so as to conceal the source of light which falls on the painted surface. Parts of the canvas in the Montretout panorama have had to be very thickly lined to give the necessary substantial look to certain objects. M. Philippoteaux finds in this city the light much stronger than it is in London and Paris, and has to regulate the lining accordingly. In the transportation from Belgium the picture has become seriously creased, and owing to the strong light it has been found impossible to hide this defect in the painted sky.

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THE Grévin waxwork exhibition—another Parisian entertainment—is, I understand, to be introduced into New York during the coming winter. Or rather a reproduction of the effigies in the Passage Jouffroy; for the show there is to be permanent like "Madame Tussaud's" in London. In some important respects M. Grévin has improved on his English model: the groups are more naturally disposed; the poses and costumes are, as a rule, more characteristic and the figures are generally surrounded by accessories giving better local coloring than has hitherto been attempted in this kind of art. The execution of the objects is of uneven merit. Some of the modeling shows the work of the really intelligent artist; but far too much, the creative genius of the beauties in the hair-dresser's windows. The knowledge of the latter has been turned to account in more ways than one; for instance, in providing some of the male effigies with full beards and whiskers and then shaving them, wholly or in part, so as to leave the blue dots in the most natural manner.

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GAMBETTA, Grévy, De Freycinet, De Cassagnac, Jules Ferry, Clemenceau, Henri Rochefort, Louise Michel are among those represented in the French political world; the greenroom of the Comédie Française introduces Dumas and Sardou conversing; the brothers Coquelin, Delaunay and Febvre in costume, and Got, the stage-manager. Théo, attired as "La Jolie Parfumeuse," is putting a flower in the buttonhole of Daubray. Judic is seen in her dressing-room. Sarah Bernhardt is seated in her studio, in a high backed chair, looking stiff, unnatural and quite sixty years old, although she arranged the scene herself. Skobeleff is shown, with broken sword, leading an assault at Plevna. Francis Joseph is shaking hands with Kaiser William, and in the background are Archduke Albrecht of Austria with Count Andrassy, and Bismarck with Moltke. Ferdinand de Lesseps, Victor Hugo and Zola are among a crowd of other notables.

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THERE is a department corresponding with "The Chamber of Horrors" at "Madame Tussaud's," which, it need hardly be said, is the most popular part of the exhibition. To view it you descend a flight of stone stairs into the basement, which is dimly lighted so as to add to the dramatic interest of the scenes depicted. The most ghastly of these are six incidents in the history of a crime; showing successively a thief murdering the watchman who surprises him in a burglary, the murderer's arrest in a low cabaret, his visit to the Morgue where he is confronted with the corpse of his victim, the trial, the condemned in his cell at La Roquette, his last toilette and a glimpse of the guillotine with the knife lit up by the first rays of the sun at early morn. Other subjects represented are the body of the Czar Alexander II. lying in state, the seizure of a Nihilist printing-press—very powerfully rendered—the burial of a monk in the convent of Chartreuse at day-break; and the assassination of President Garfield. The last is a stupid affair. The portraits of Guiteau and his victim are unrecognizable, and the impossible accessories of the waiting-room at the railway station show that no attempt could have been made to depict the scene with accuracy. If it is contemplated to reproduce for America this portion of the exhibition, the manager would do well to study the subject first.

WHY will young artists, void by both temperament and association of the religious spirit necessary to the successful performance of such undertakings, rashly attempt to paint great subjects of sacred history? The old masters, apart from their exceptional technical endowments, entered upon such a task only with the deepest reverence for their theme, often with fasting and prayer. Their very souls, as it were, went out in the sacred figures depicted on their canvas. No such Christs or Madonnas have been, or can be, painted in modern times as came from the brush of a Raphael, a Murillo, or a Fra Angelo. Religious subjects were almost the only ones attempted. Every possible conception of the scenes of the Passion, admitting of artistic treatment, was anticipated in the days when religious art was the only kind known; for all art was consecrated to the cause of religion. Yet, in this agnostic age, a daring Frenchman like Carolus Duran, between his fencing bout and his last portrait of a Parisian belle, thinks nothing of dashing off for the Salon an "Entombment of Christ," which looks like an inquisition in the dissecting room of a medical college. Julian Story, an English artist, sent to the Grosvenor, from Rome, an "Entombment" no less prosaic. There was, indeed, nothing in this latter performance to suggest that the scene represents any other than an ordinary funeral. The dead Christ, followed by the weeping Magdalen, is being borne on the shoulders of three men—one a negro—down a narrow rocky path. There was nothing sacred in the picture.

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THE so-called International Exhibition at the Petits' rooms in Paris this year was but a sharp dealer's dodge to advertise and dispose of his stock; many of the pictures exhibited have been journeying from sale to sale for twenty years. Some Americans took umbrage because no American work was included in this "International" exhibit, but they had no cause to do so.

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THE Canadian Government, in another column, invites artists to submit models for a bronze statue nine feet high, of the late Sir George E. Cartier, to be erected in the grounds of the Parliament Buildings at Ottawa, and offers a premium of \$1000 to the successful competitor. The model must be two feet three inches high. I do not know whether the public monuments in the New Dominion are any better than those in this country; but an open competition of this kind would certainly seem to afford a fair chance of securing good work, assuming, of course, that the result will rest on the judgment of a competent jury. In the United States, unfortunately, commissions of this kind almost invariably are awarded through political influence, with what disastrous consequences to art, the public statuary in Washington eloquently attests.

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THE illustrated catalogue of the Art Department of the Cincinnati Industrial Exhibition now open, being a first venture, perhaps should not be criticised too severely. It is a pity, though, to see the injustice done to many of the artists' drawings through defective reproduction and careless printing. The pages evidently have not been edited by one at all familiar with art matters, otherwise the very careless sketch of Correggio's famous painting in the National Gallery in London, "Mercury instructing Cupid in the Presence of Venus," to which a full page is devoted, would not have been given as a copy "from a drawing by Louis Ritter," "from a painting on copper by G. Bouvier"; nor would such a heavy and inappropriate "cul de lampe" have been selected for the last page of the catalogue. Some knowledge is necessary even in putting together a number of disconnected artists' sketches.

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AMONG the more notable paintings exhibited are "The Sacrifice of Abraham," a large and ambitious canvas by Charles Sprague Pearce; "Forgotten," the picture of a beautiful, sad-faced woman, by A. Struys; "A Lesson in Anatomy," a clever work by Milne Ramsey, of Philadelphia, showing a scene in a palace of the time of Louis XIV., with a professor addressing an audience of grandees who are terribly bored and show it by various attitudes and gestures, and "Hauling the Seine," an effective beach view by Thomas Eakins, depicting a line of yellow-garbed fishermen under a gray sky. Many excellent pictures are lent by residents of Cincinnati and elsewhere, among the most valuable contributions being those from Messrs. J. L. Claghorn and J. R. Claghorn of Philadelphia, The Art Museum

in Cincinnati, and F. L. Ridgley of St. Louis. Commander Gorringer has sent a collection of Egyptian antiquities, and Mr. G. L. Feuardent some Greek pottery and antiques, including a number of Tanagra figurines. Cincinnati decorated pottery is well represented, and specimens of the finest European artistic ceramic wares are contributed by Messrs. Davis Collamore & Co., including several pieces from a remarkable set of table-ware made for the Khedive of Egypt, while Messrs. Jones, McDuffee & Stratton send from Boston a case of choice Japanese porcelain which, according to *The Commercial*, "so far as Cincinnati is concerned are absolutely new and will prove highly attractive."

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HUBERT HERKOMER, the famous Anglo-Bavarian painter, and Seymour Haden, the no less famous English etcher, are both expected to arrive in this country next month. Probably they will both lecture on art. Mr. Herkomer, intends to stay here nearly nine months, during the building of his new home in Bushy, and will occupy a studio in New York in the Rembrandt building. He will bring with him a good selection of his works which he has borrowed from their owners for exhibition. Mr. Bastien-Lepage, I am credibly informed, will also visit us early in the winter.

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MR. JOHN A. LOWELL is on his way home from London. He seems to have had remarkable success in collecting good paintings by American artists abroad for his forthcoming art exhibition in Boston, which he will open toward the end of October. He writes to me:

"I visited the American artists in Paris and down in the country at Grez, on the River Loing, near the edge of the Forest of Fontainebleau. There I met the two Harrison brothers. I bought of the younger (L. Birge) two pictures which he had just finished. I think that they will create a sensation in Boston. One of them represents a young lady artist (Miss Ritchie) at her easel, in a picturesque old Breton garret, gazing on her unfinished canvas. The light is very well managed, and the girl's head shows much poetic feeling. Still I think you will like even better the second painting—a young Brittany peasant girl blowing on a big cow's horn to call the farm-hands home to supper. The light is very peculiar. You perhaps recall the celebrated mural paintings at the Pantheon by Puvis de Chavannes. Well, Mr. Harrison has introduced a similar effect of gray mystic light in this Brittany landscape, and the impression it produces upon the eye is truly remarkable. Mr. Harrison intended both these pictures for the annual exhibition of the Philadelphia Academy of Fine Arts, but I was so fortunate as to secure them for my Boston exhibition."

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BESIDE these, Mr. Lowell writes that he bought six landscapes by the brother, Mr. Alexander Harrison, whose "Chateaux en Espagne" scored a success at the last Salon. He says further:

"I have five pictures by Robert G. Hardie, Jr., a pupil of Cabanet; eight by William E. Norton, two by Boughton, two by G. H. Todd, and six by Charles Sprague Pearce. Among those by Pearce are some charming heads of children, also a little 'Marchande d'Oranges,' a fine type of those little creatures one sees peddling fruit in Italian cities and in the South of France. 'Moments of Sadness,' the most important of these paintings, shows a little girl in a field resting her arms upon a stump over which she is looking with a very sad, homesick air. Mr. Pearce has promised to send me his last Salon picture as well; so the Bostonians will find a favorite artist of theirs well represented. I have also sixteen charming water-colors by George W. Edwards, who, you know, is now painting exclusively for me. He is living at Blankenberghe, on the coast of Belgium, where I visited him last week. . . . Edwards is going to Paris next winter to study at the Beaux-Arts. He will devote himself chiefly to sea subjects. . . . William E. Norton is busy at Dieppe painting marines. It is astonishing what advance he is making in figure work."

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FRAGMENTS of the wondrous pedimental sculptures, metopes, and frieze of the Parthenon continue to come to light from time to time. The honor of the latest discovery in this way is due to the learned young American archaeologist, Dr. Charles Waldstein, a son of the Union Square optician of that name. In a recent visit to the Louvre he observed a male head corresponding in scale and style with those of the Lapiths in the groups of the metopes. He obtained a cast and took it to the British Museum, where it was at once identified by Mr. C. T. Newton, keeper of Greek and Roman antiquities, as the head of the Lapith in the metope marked No. 6 in the guide to the Elgin room. The head of the Centaur in this group, which is at Athens, had been previously identified.

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It is a pity that the various known fragments of this immortal work cannot be united and shown in one

museum. But it is perhaps as unreasonable to expect Athens to part with the Centaur's head as it would be to hope that the Louvre would give up its precious possession of part of the frieze. So each possessor of a fragment of the work will have to be contented as hitherto with a cast of the newly found portion, which—unlike our Cesnola's deceptive patchwork—will be executed in plaster, duly colored to show that it is only a restoration. "By the addition of the head of the Lapith," Mr. Newton writes to *The Academy*, "through Dr. Waldstein's happy discovery, the metope has gained immensely, and seems animated with new life and spirit."

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"THE Decorative Treatment of Children" is the amusing topic of a writer in the *London World*. He divides them into—(1) Reynolds children, (2) Italian children, (3) grotesque children. There is no type, he thinks, "so admirably harmonious, so entirely right in an æsthetic English home" as the first-named class. Indeed, he goes so far as to say that "if any parents were so blest as to have a whole family of Reynolds children they would be justified in refurnishing, in moving, nay, in building a house which should be a fit casket to hold so precious a possession." Their large round eyes, if blue, would carry out the sentiment of the china on the walls, "deliciously repeating the hue of the Oriental plates; if hazel, the lustrous warmth of the lacquer trays." Of course Reynolds children must wear white frocks with broad sashes, red shoes and coral beads; with mob-caps for the girls, unless the room is too revoltingly Philistine. But mere dressing, of course, will not make a Reynolds child. Demeanor is an essential element of success. The skipping-rope and other airy and graceful exercises are admissible for the Reynolds child, and gentle play with a dog may be encouraged.

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THE Italian child is darker, dreamier, less lyric, and more tragic than the Reynolds child. It may degenerate into the grotesque, but its great point is that it remains decorative. For this type, we are reminded, "drapery is what is needed: softness, amplitude. No bows, or ribbons, or frippery—they are out of place; nothing frivolous should interfere with the sense of subdued intensity; hair in heavy plaits for a girl, or a long flowing roll—not curls—for a boy, and any amount of elaborate needlework." It is to be further noted that the Italian child is the only type that admits of really gorgeous treatment. The grotesque child is difficult to treat, and involves an elaborate psychical study of character: "Mere color, mere form are still all-important, as bearing on the general harmony, but there will be subtle disharmonies in the child itself, which must be obliterated or reconciled."

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It is no uncommon thing in Japan to find artists and artisans working rapidly with both hands at the same time, and some paint with their feet with equal facility. Of course, there are many left-handed persons in Caucasian countries; but it is rare indeed to find a European artist working with his feet in Japanese fashion. M. Ch. Fellu, of Antwerp, does it. He has no hands, and seems to get on pretty comfortably without them. A correspondent of *Society*, a London journal, saw him at work recently in the Museum, "making a copy, and, a very good one, too, of Franz Hals' picture of 'The Fisherboy of Haarlem.' M. Fellu holds his palette and mahlstick with his left foot resting on a little low table, while with his right foot supported on the mahlstick, he firmly and apparently easily enough grasps the brush with which he works. He seems to possess great power and nicety of touch with his toes; no doubt they are as sensitive as our fingers."

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PHOTOGRAPHING the most striking pictures on the stage during a theatrical performance is something which has not been done in America yet; although, no doubt, if possible, it would have been done long ago, in commemoration of the two-thousandth or two-hundredth night of some piece at the Madison Square Theatre. By the aid of the electric light the feat was accomplished at the Prince of Wales Theatre, in Liverpool, during the recent performances of "Far from the Madding Crowd." The inside of the house is lighted with the Maxim incandescent lamps and the exterior by arc lamps. By the aid of the latter, which

were moved into the theatre for the purpose, this interesting experiment was effected with complete success.

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THE changes which may be brought about in scene painting by the use of the electric light are indicated by Mr. Emden, whose charming setting of "Billy Taylor" and other operettas at the Standard Theatre last year will be remembered by many New Yorkers. This gentleman is scene painter for Mr. D'Oyley Carte's new London theatre, the "Savoy," the first I believe to introduce the electric light. Doubtless, as he says, much greater attention to detail will be necessary in the bright white light of this illuminating power of the future; and at present it seems that the scenic exhibition will be submitted to a similar test to that presented by a picture gallery seen at the distance of a couple of hundred feet. The electric light so nearly approaches the light of day that, theoretically, work painted on the old plan should under its influence resemble the daub presented by scenery in daylight. In the scenery painted for the Savoy Theatre, not only has more than usual attention to detail been observed, but the usual predominance of blue used to counteract the effect of gas has been considerably modified.

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EVERYBODY is familiar with the effect of colored fire on the transformation scene of a Christmas pantomime; but by the aid of the more brilliant and beautiful electric light, Mr. Emden points out that far finer and more artistic gradations of shade are to be obtained. He says: "In this, I think, scenic artists have a fair right to claim the aid of men of science. Although by sundry experiments in the studio we may roughly determine the various shades to be used in combination with the electric light, the details can be no secret to scientific men, and they will, I am sure, readily co-operate with us in discovering the exact amount of white in the electric light, and the precise shades the co-mingling of which will result in certain effects. That the electric light will open up fresh fields of ambition to those who look to their art beyond the mere work-producing and money-making sides of the question is highly probable."

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A LADY abroad sends me some good studio anecdotes. She says: I spent an afternoon in the studio of the sculptor Ives, for forty years a resident of Rome. He was at work upon a figure of Undine, and a clay model dressed in dripping muslin was before us. Enter an American lady, who, anxious to show her artistic culture, and freedom from philistine scruples, exclaimed: "Oh, Mr. Ives, why do you put all that disfiguring drapery about her? For my part I think statues ought *always* to be nude." "Really—I don't—know," drawled the artist, quizzically. "Unless, perhaps—because—Undine—had a habit of getting herself—into clothes!" It was another American who about the same time visited the studio of Griswold, in Rome. "Have you ever heard of the new style of painting?" asked this lady; "all the artists at home are talking about it now. It is called Broad Handling!"

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THAT "handling" was probably different from the one taught by "Jimmy" Whistler in his Paris Bohemian days. "Jimmy" had been known to be desperately hard pushed for a long time. Suddenly he disappeared, looking wan and thin, and everybody wondered what could possibly have become of "Jimmy." Two or three weeks later, however, he reappeared, looking sleek and fat, and then it came out that he had been giving drawing lessons in an American family. "How in the name of goodness did you do it?" asked his comrades, knowing Jimmy's weakness in the way of line and form. "How?" answered Jimmy, "why, for the first week I set the girls to work to get their wrists in free working order, and made them exercise all through the lesson like this," and he held his arm stiff while wagging his hand impressively to and fro from *left* to *right*. "What did you do the second week?" asked his hearers, amid shouts of laughter. "Why, the second week I had them exercise like *this*," continued the Bohemian, gravely, still holding his arm stiff, but now reversing the motions of the hand, and wagging impressively from *right* to *left*. "What did you do the third week?" shrieked his auditors. "The third week? Oh, the third week I was discharged."

MONTEZUMA.